



Capture the Right Moment by **CrazyDiamondLady**

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-09-02 08:46:46

Updated: 2016-09-03 14:07:38

Packaged: 2019-12-17 14:35:55

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,630

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It's the end of June 1984. School's over. Jonathan brings the boys to a little trip at Lonnie's cabin. He brings someone else along and learns to embrace the simple moments. The right ones.

1. The Rules

"Those are NOT the rules." Lucas said.

"Yes, they are!" Dustin replied.

"Not the ones we talked about, no!" Mike defended.

"What are you talking about? What did we talk about?" Dustin tried.

"Guys..." Will said, trying to calm the fight.

"Hey, hey, hey, what's going on down here?" Jonathan said, coming down the basement stairs.

"Stupid rules..." Will answered.

"Is Dustin making up rules again?"

"That's exactly what's going on." Lucas said.

"And we talked about this, Dus." Mike started. "Once we change the rules, we can't go back."

"And rules aren't rules if you break em! We can't keep changing them all the time. And I don't even remember we changed it. Did we change it? "

"Yeah! My god, Dustin, please focus." Mike said.

Their constant little fights amused Jonathan a lot. He knew his brother was more the pacific kind. Will got the hint his big brother was there to pick him up so he gave him a smile and started gathering his things.

"You can't go! The game isn't finished! We're not done here", Lucas said, surprised.

"Um...I can come back later, Will..." Jonathan suggested.

"No, it's fine. Come on, we can finish it on Friday, guys, at the cabin."

He turned around to look at his brother. "Right?" he asked.

Jonathan nodded. "Right."

"Fine..." Lucas said, disappointed.

"Don't be so grumpy, you were winning anyway", Mike said to Lucas.

"Bye, guys. See ya tomorrow."

"Bye Will!" they all replied.

"Ok, guys, careful, remember your character's current position and keep the same cards. No cheating. K?" Mike ordered.

While the two brothers were walking their way upstairs, Will asked about the cabin.

"You said there would be enough room for everyone?"

"Sure, more than enough. Lonnie isn't going to use it anytime soon, so..."

"Hi,boys! Mrs. Wheeler greeted them on their way to the front door, once more working in the kitchen.

"Hi Mrs. Wheeler" Jonathan replied, politely.

"So, Will, you're in for a great week-end, aren't you?"

"Yeah! I can't wait."

"It'll do you good to get away for a little while, all the boys together. No parents!" She hushed the last part with a wink and a complicit gaze.

"And no girls!" Will answered with a huge smile.

"No girls? What's wrong with having girls around?" Nancy appeared out of nowhere in the kitchen, teasing Will.

"Not you, Nance. You're one of us!" Will said.

"Is that right?" She raised an eyebrow and took a glance towards Jonathan to try to guess what he was thinking of all this. But he quickly dropped his gaze to his brother when she made eye contact.

"Yeah. You wanna come?" Will replied simply.

"Uh..."

"Will, she's probably busy, she doesn't wanna hang out with her little brother's friends ..." Jonathan said.

"I...hum...no. I'm not." When she saw their lack of reaction, she realised she wasn't expressing herself correctly.

"I'm not... I mean I'm not busy. I won't be. It's this week-end, right?"

"Ya-huh" Will said, nodding.

"Fresh air would actually be nice...You're sure you don't mind me being there?" Nancy asked Jonathan.

"He offered." Jonathan said to her, looking down at Will while he stood behind him, his hands on his frail shoulders.

"I'd feel better", Mrs. Wheeler said, quietly, while whipping what looked like a cake frosting mix.

"Humm...well ok."

Jonathan raised his eyes to her, surprised, and smiled.

"Ok. Hum...We'll need an extra car, though..." Jonathan said.

"Oh...right." Nancy said, slightly apprehensive.

"It's ok; Jonathan, you can borrow Ted's van for the week-end. There'll be plenty of room for everybody." Mrs. Wheeler suggested.

"Really? Ok, thanks!"

"No problem."

"I'll bring the other boys over, 4 PM, we'll switch cars and hit the

road then and arrive just in time for dinner." He said to Nancy.

"Ok, good plan. So...I guess I'll see you on Friday, then."

"Yeah." Jonathan answered for the both of them. He wasn't really sure to whom she said that, his brother or himself or both...

"Bye guys, say hi to your mom for me." Mrs. Wheeler said.

"We will." Jonathan took one last glance at Nancy before leaving the kitchen for the front door.

2. The Cabin

Joyce was worried. Of course she was. Her little boy was going away alone with his friends and his brother. But they took this decision all together. He had to live with his fears. They didn't want Will to grow up paranoid and afraid of the woods. And she knew where to find them in case something happened. It was only about an hour and a half drive.

"You have the mixed tape?" Will asked his brother.

"Of course I do. Who do you take me for? Roadtrip with no mixed tape?"

Nancy laughed at that while packing the trunk. Joyce took Will in her arms.

"You be careful. Don't go too far from the others. And listen to your brother!"

"Yes, mom..."

"Yes Mrs. Byers" Lucas, Mike and Dustin added.

"And you...you take a break. You enjoy. And uhm..." Joyce took a glance over at Nancy before she mumbled only to her son "...have fun."

"Mom!"

"Ok, go! Go! Go! Have fun! I don't wanna see you anymore! Go away! Oh, I'm gonna regret saying that..."

"It's gonna be ok, mom..." Jonathan tried really hard to reassure her.

"Promise, promise?"

Jonathan chuckled and Will answered for him.

"Promise, promise."

"Okay..."

They all took place inside the van and Jonathan started the engine.

"I love you! Bye!" Joyce shouted to cover the noise and waved them goodbye. So did they until they were too far to see her.

Nancy took a quick look towards Jonathan from the passenger seat before pushing the tape inside the radio. He was looking in front of him, concentrated on the road.

The Passenger by Iggy Pop started playing. And Nancy thought it was a good soundtrack choice for a roadtrip starter.

As planned, they pulled through the cabin's driveway an hour and a half later.

"Wow...this place...it looks so peaceful."

"It's just a small cabin..."

Jonathan looked at Nancy and smiled, glad that she was so enthusiastic.

"You didn't tell me there was a lake!"

"Yeah..."

As soon as Jonathan turned off the engine, the boys bursted out of the van, yelling and laughing, obviously over excited.

"Wait...wait!" Jonathan shouted to them.

The four boys stopped abruptly.

"Unloading. Unpacking."

Nancy liked how Jonathan always used just a few words to express himself. No need for more. Like that time in the darkroom. "Brightening. Enlarging". His eyes speak more anyway.

They all rolled their eyes and sighed of disappointment. They

grabbed their stuff, ran into the cabin to throw it upstairs and were back outside as fast as they went in.

"Come back in an hour, for dinner."

"Okay!"

"And don't go too far!" The door being slammed shut interrupted him, the boys ignoring his order. It amused Nancy. He shook his head, a little discouraged but finally smiled.

"So THAT'S why I'm here. Discipline! They already had the dad, they just needed the mom...ok I get it. I have to say, though, I'd like to clarify something first. I don't think I feel like being the bad cop..."

"Real funny."

They took the other backpacks and pillows left near the door and brought them into the living room that was actually right next to the kitchen. The cabin was an open room with one bathroom and two bedrooms upstairs. Jonathan suggested he would sleep on the couch downstairs by dropping his stuff on it.

"No! No, no, no. I'm the intruder here, I insist."

"Intruder?"

"Yeah! I wasn't supposed to come along in the first place, so you should get the bed."

"You can sleep on the couch if you want, but I hope you don't mind me pushing you on the floor when I decide to go to sleep tonight..."

She smiled but looked down, feeling bad. She grabbed her sleeping bag.

"Well I guess my sleeping bag will be more useful this time." She said while she threw it at him.

Taken aback by her comment, Jonathan stopped smiling, looked a bit uncomfortable and let out a nervous breath before dropping the sleeping bag on the couch, picking up his backpack, unzipping it and

taking out some bed sheets.

"Can I help you...make the beds?"

"Nah, I'm good. You can unpack the big blue bag over there, though, it's food. Some has to go in the fridge, so..."

"Ok, great." They did their tasks in silence for a while.

"It was so sweet of your brother to invite me."

"He thinks you're pretty cool."

"He does...?"

"Yeah."

She looked at him and waited for him to look back at her and held his gaze when he did.

"And are you...starting to...think I'm okay now?"

He swallowed hard before answering.

"Yeah..." he whispered. "...you?"

"Yeah...yeah, you're okay."

He turned around, shying out and not knowing what to say to that.

"You're a great guy, Jonathan Byers."

He seemed surprised by what she just said, his back still facing her. He didn't know what to do so he just stood there, sheets unfolded in his hands. He dropped them on the couch and before he could turn around and talk to her, the front door burst open.